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GLADYS KLYNE

AND

MORE HARMONY

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+

CHARLES LYNCH



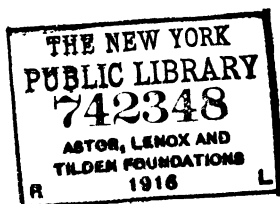
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1915

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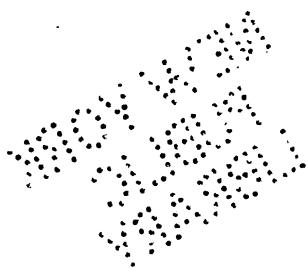
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CONTENTS

Gladys Klyne	7
More Harmony	49



GLADYS KLYNE

GLADYS KLYNE

About her gaze sweet beds of lilies rest
Beneath a calm, serene, majestic tide
Of even's dawn; their roses float the breast
Of a slow-moving stream, o'er which there ride
Shrill, balmy, sheltering zephyrs, that, espied
The golden beams of day on setting bent,
Loathed to depart, their rays have speed'ly hied
Some silvery clouds unto his occident,
Commingling sighs with sheen until his light is
spent.

There move the stealing creepers of his rills
Amongst each shrub or grass that banks his bed,
Each slow succeeding each, their kisses spills
This verdure as they pass, which, foamed of head,
Splash, tears of life condemned unto the dead:
For, they are morsels to the ocean screeching,
Even the fodder whereby his surge is fed
'Midst roars re-echoes, insatiate beseeching.
She saw, withdrew her eyes, and sighed to know this
teaching.

Poor lass! even as the sun whose silvery tongue
Had tolled the sum of five, and, firing the west
He rolled with beaming pride; she had begun
A slow and tedious pace unto this crest,
A lowly, pensive march; her laughs had drest
This summit time and off, but now she went
So weighed by thought, her head hung troubled
bent.

Gladys Klyne

While, as the moon oft leaps some briney swell
Unto its height, on which a face is laid
Uncreased and smooth 'midst murmurs of a dell
Where budding reeds from off its banks have stayed
Their arms against the winds, so were displayed
Fear's rising saphron o'er her placid cheek,
Wasting her warmth besides a wintry bleak.

And, as a gust this liquid face may mar
By ripples' circlings, which, with sudden start
Scar o'er their courses, where, by chasing far,
Deride and mock her unexpected heart,
E'en now tremor in wrinkles unapart
Sate on her features sad, where faint in age,
On came a potion, which appetized their rage.

But, as a child rejoice this verdure bright:
Wherein the grass lies sparkling in the sun
Borne on sweet choirings of celestial might,
Would blushing youth above her beauty run.
When, as a sullen cloud is soon begun
His reign to threat and is dispersed in vain,
So grief and beauty interplayed their train.

Likened a timid dove surveys the air
Within the thick surroundings of her home
Wherefrom the frolicked joys of wings appear,
Winks with a conscienced groan that hers was come
A hurt of tenderness and pain, whose foam,
Being on her heart o'er-set, her eyes were rained,
With her her cause she pleads from all constrained.

Gladys Klyne

Onward she went so stately, sad and mute
As though her brain controlled some reeling dream,
Nor was the air of musics destitute
Nor of the fields unconscious did she seem,
Voices and flowers and wings, one merry gleam
Swum o'er her path, yet, heedless did she stray
As though they wrought designs against her day.

Many a time hereon her eyes were laid,
Even for twenty years has lived a child.
These long and many days her youth had played
Hither, thither, surrounding, all was mild.
No ill was reaped, no sadness here beguiled
Past pleasures of her days. But now some fear
Robes on her cheeks its garb of grief to bear.

It must be so; it can't be else; for there
Throbs on the breeze a modest violet,
A light along her path, a daughter dear,
A fading flo'er alone now night is set.
To-morrow it is doubtful 'twill be met
Its lushing hue, for Summer now is fade.
She goes by, sees it not, heart-laden maid!

Is this her wont? Oh no! forbid it, no.
Each past-blown rose possessed this knowledge too;
They were accustomed round her arms to blow
And on her lips sweet pollened dust to strew,
Even as bees her fancy did they sue.
No more. Is she devoid of constancy?
Indeed not; fears have suffocate her glee.

Gladys Klyne

A daisy now on breezes tossing lies
Last of its tribe, this giddy dainty gem
Against the vaulty night has closed its eyes
And like a silent bell is swung its stem.
Heart-stung attractions this pensive maid condemn
Most weighty path to wend. Ah, that her face,
Now scarred, should lay: a rut to pains debase!

Something upon her maiden conscience creeps,
Some awful, horrid, treach'rous, worried thing;
This monster, having meditated, weeps
And drowns her joys by wails his weepings ring.
In writhesome dirge his mourning voices sing
Refrains that lead her o'er some hollow mains
Where she may pause, and sigh, accumulating pains.

It seems to her whene'er she halts to think,
Which she does oft, each minute on the hour,
Her journey halts her o'er some chasming brink
Wherefrom is run a plain uncultured bower,
Even of grapes a garden; and, in a shower,
Falling like unto rain, loud thunders blast
Filching the vine; each grape: a life has past.

Many a fallen grain rots on the ground
Most thickly strewn upon the recent buried;
But, in a second, harsh rolls a louder sound,
When higher rise their fallen banks most serried,
Which in the lightning next show there is ferried
Youth multiplied by youth unto the lands
Of death, proffered his harvest by our hands.

Gladys Klyne

"Ah! is it that?" She oft did loudly muse,
"Each grape a man! How are they squandered
dead

As though to live is but their life's abuse?"
Silent again; again do lightnings shed
Fired clouds above each low intrenched head;
Mists reigned awhile, wherefrom there shattered lay
Ruins of youth, whose teens have lived their day.

She saw; but was disgust; and closed her eyes
Fast in their prisons from the horrid sight.
But, pent within the province of their sties,
Though they were sealed, she yet perceived aright;
For thought, whose brawny meditating might
Reveres the dark, did then his fetters break,
And, for more brooding did his feasting make.

If they were ope this slaughter she had seen,
And, when within her most chaotic dark
Their prisoned selves were celled, still had she been
One, who, by flames she would to shun, a spark
Her soul had stung with all unerring mark.
And as she writhed, uncomforted did burn,
She sobbed aloud, "Will he to me return?"

In her there raged against her living fires
Many a soundless strife; as runs a breeze,
So did her thoughts beget themselves desires,
Each volley sought her suff'rings to appease.
Yet, as the winds, which, drunk the flames, release
Succeeding them, with larger, lustrer flare,
So vied with grief her misery to share.

Gladys Klyne

But, though o'er her their actions paces gained,
Submitting them, she shew it was her first.
Even as some metal the earth disdained
To shed, uncaged, has to the sun disbursed
What of her worth in granite depths was hearsed,
So shone a glory o'er her features spread,
Whose ray each moment smote these victors dead.

Yet, as angoras loan life unto their prey
So would these combatants their wage return,
Likened the fiery chariot of day
Whose course a black and sullened cloud may yearn
To suffocate and dim, when he to spurn
Menaces of weaklings, unconcerning shines,
Douting their surface and then to dout declines.

Thus beauty's youth their banishment controlled:
For, thought, enthroned, his sceptred sway enforced;
In her their tides and surges moaning rolled
Unto the shores, her will, and there were lost.
Yet, as the splashing sea's, some mists being tossed,
Their foul insinuations o'er it rise,
So did a vapor beclouding soil her eyes.

She felt a sting of pain whose hisses groan
Mutely, then sighed and swept her dimming eyes;
Then, like the stealing moon through clouds of
roan,

Shone forth her globes, which, brightened full her
skies;

Anon with heavings did her bosom rise;
But, when conspicuous blossomed relief,
Once more she wailed and fell a corpse to grief.

Gladys Klyne

Likened a butterfly a-seat on a rose
So lay the hue of grief upon her clay,
Each causing each be seen, so did their pose
Compare; her tears, like rains, in brighter day
Did blossom; her pains but impetused their sway.
Yet, all its virtues! dullness reigns with rain,
So aught but joy would on her beauty stain.

How sweetly wave maples and beeches tall,
His robe of Autumn each is masquerading!
When on the evening sweet Turk-cap lilies fall
Aromas with geraniums parading!
So loved a nectar glide zephyrs persuading
The gods of glory on this earth to dwell.
'Midst such she roamed and such around her fell.

But, in the distance bow the laden sheaves
Full weary weighed with treasures for the scythe;
Their aged day to immigrate reprieves
For frolicked joys that murmur with delight.
So 'gainst th' inevitable they respite.
As he to squander what of him remains,
Dancing with winds they dip and spill their grains.

Him, who a life 'midst waving fields has spent,
Their merry vap'rous waves dispil no charms,
Unvalued that fragrance to the firmament
Their billows echo on windy alarms;
But he, a citizen from urban harms,
Drinks it and meditates enraptured, surprised.
This last was hers till now by thought disguised.

Gladys Klyne

How does a stream reflect the skyey blue
Bedding its surface of transparency!
So lushing youth its wings once blew
O'er her a garment rich of jollity.
But, like a storm decrees his augury
Along the heavens' canopy above,
Rocking the swallow, some drought has dyed her
love.

This beauteous brooding girl! even a raven
Breasting the storm sails on with flippancy
As like a bough, whose nesting broods unshaken,
Covets the grasping winds with sporting glee,
So joy and fun and she were counted three
Recently. But see: a cloud may dismal lie.
So fears a heart when pits and dangers vie.

Now glides the day unto the thieving West
Whose lusty womb shall spill the treach'rous night,
When o'er the dark unbound pavilioned breast
Of angels' kingdoms stars shall strew their light,
Whose opening doors, like flies, now twinkle bright.
Sad to depart, he gives for ransom, gold,
Which she rejects and him her arms enfold.

But as a child his nurse has bade to bed,
Weeps with a whining wail he would not go,
Whereon she raves and threat'ning nods her head,
Sad dirges mixed with stamps the breezes blow.
Must he obey? His mettle bids him no.
And as he laughs and hops about aright,
His nurse irating, so frets the day the night.

Gladys Klyne

See: he is closed as though the child obeys,
Presto! he peeps and there again he is.
Hear how that wind among the trees displays?
Thrice louder snorts his nursey raged by this;
And, like to billows lash the rocks with hiss,
So frowns and scolds this nursing wench, the night,
When, laughing boy, the day landscapes with might.

Now does the gracious eye of light retiring
Blend with the sea a most delicious scene.
Even as man to acts of gods aspiring
So is this beauteous earth by heaven seen.
How sweet it is from mortal toils to wean,
To stray amidst the grass and gaze the sky
When on the ocean's breast he occidents his eye.

Tell me of songs and girls and love and dances,
Open mine eyes and pour them on my soul,
Tell me of kissings sweet and lovers' glances,
Sing of what mirth their treasures can unfurl,
Hear them, o ears! tongues may rehearse a scroll.
But when my soul unblemished pleasures need,
Show me the sea when day has reined his steed.

Speak of our dearest gains and all our fancies,
Sing us a song of joy's harmonious strains,
What rose or flower than our little pansies
Flutters a dearer head along our lanes?
This velvet halo multiplies with gains
Each throbbing wind that thrills it on the day,
So sports the eve with paintings ever May.

Gladys Klyne

Where is the rainbow? His hues are in the west
When day exchanges life with mouldy night.
All in a multiple is his behest
Of dyes to grace his paths from earthly sight.
Then, who has mused, who, wealthy, garnered
wight,

An arborescent vale in Autumn 'side a stream,
Refrains to hail, "Oh! lovely, happy dream!"?

Each variegated leaf fall'n nigh a stone
Reflects with silent speech the leaves above.
And, glancing up, see: what a blend is shone!
Thus sinking day upon the billows move.
And when from birds burst loud refrains of love,
Bugling the day from off the topmost hills,
Out soothes a gracious balm that all earth fills.

It leaves the sun, and now the sun has left;
Protection now affords chaotic night.
To realms antipodes his rays have leapt,
And now our breath antipodes his light.
All lies in darkness when eyes are blind from sight.
So night is Queen? This mystiness of dark?
But lo! this pensive maid is startled? Hark!

Now, while this pearled orb his golden flame
Was staying, she had her brooding journey made
Unto a little ridge, that, like a mane
Upon a colt, a tuft of copse displayed;
There having seated, she to muse essayed
Full glowing thought, whereon a relaxation
If she had curbed despair by contemplation.

Gladys Klyne

A horse, whose eye may microscope a brook,
Sees in that water many a minute thing.
Even so this ridge did over-hanging look
Upon a little town whose watering spring
Lay at its feet where washing maidens sing.
Her eyes may wandering stray towards her home,
But when they did her heart would elsewheres roam.

Down 'neath her gaze a hen had winged her chicks
Closing their peepers and intimating death,
Home-coming lambkins were gamboling with kicks,
Shrill piped the winds and duskier grew the breath.
Nature to night was prowling on by stealth.
But, let the day to bed; night, take his ward;
She is unconscious: her soul is all abroad.

Not to remain! for now her eye is caught
Gazing a shadow inclined unto her way.
She starts; she stands; a laughter now has shot
Sunshine upon her cheeks; oh radiant ray!
Ah! how her smiles now o'er her features play!
Darling of love, sweet maid, oh! angel blessed,
Life is alive when lips with thine have pressed.

Let him prize treasures whosoever would,
Wealth be esteemed and all its bounteous store;
Rate them in bad or brand their trifles good:
'Twill matter not, age grows from more to more.
One charm instructs the world with ceaseless lore:
Th' approach of hearts to heart, lips to lips, a kiss,
Arms folding breasts to breast in never-ending bliss.

Gladys Klyne

Oh! what a beauty when her heart is glad,
So does the gorgeous dawn sparkle the East;
And as her crimsons rush in courses mad,
So does triumphant morn on mountains feast:
Drinking their dew, stream life into each beast,
Bristling the whistling leaves with flutes of gold;
Like joys in laughter's smiles her charms enfold. '

Oh! who can price the treasures of a maid,
Angels of earth, the highest act of life?
Beside a new-oped rose I oft have stayed,
Infantile innocence untouched by strife
I oft pensate, but nought of earth is rife
Save air, so free: 'tis much devoid of meed,
Dwelled 'mongst us, men, can duplicate her need.

Unvalued balm life's drinking fluid bears
Against the fire of thirst, a soulless hearth
If robbed of birds and flo'ers, moon, sunlight's flares
Shall revolute and die this mothering earth.
But nature's harmony sires her with mirth.
And for that nucleus what shall compare
Against the charms of beauty's maidens' cheer?

She is the soul, the topmost realm of life,
Day, night, the air, and next! the girlies sweet.
Than her but Christ's, no mortal thought can cipe,
Parades our haunts a gem upon two feet.
Earth's evenings' landscapes' blends compound a
treat,

But she, each human gem, a precious dove,
Show'ring on man sweet harmony and love.

Gladys Klyne

And she away! what may her brothers do?
Ha! ha! forget it; let us not thusly think.
Cherish her, caress her, preserve her, fondle too,
Give her no wrongs and when she rages, drink.
Bathe her in nectars dear, robe her in pink,
Make her the Queen and King of every and all,
Adored, enthronéd, for, she falls, we fall.

Scarce was the day by thirsting night entombed,
When loud orchest'ring broke earth's feathered
brood,

Psalms lullabying on the ear were loomed,
Whereby the breasts of sleep were to him wooed.
Thus morn and eve their bills repay his good.
When he, as though returned to pay them thanks,
Broke from his chains and re-appeared his ranks.

Oh! what a gilded splendor then he threw!
Likened a stalwart racer broken from bond,
Snorts on the air, so winds his exhales blew
While all was lit as though day yet abound.
As swarms of butterflies over a pond
Giddy the eye with tints of beauty vying,
So from this jailer, night, his heels were flying.

Far! far! he farther flew! below the West!
So runs his chase, the horizon eclipsing;
Now wrapped by Thetis' arms, snug on her breast
Lies low and soft his head, their loves enlisting;
Sea, land, and air now mournful strains are lipping;
'Tis calm! winds sigh! night's wings o'er earth now
hover,

One little gust, and now creeps forth October.

Gladys Klyne

Now as October doffs his cap residing,
This laughing maid entwines about her love;
Cupid enthroned, his laws being now presiding,
Hearts of these creatures each to each they move.
What laws can sever when his laws approve?
Gems of the heavens, stars by mortals called,
Urged each begone, and leave them darkness walled.

Why should the stars shine out? They would be
dim.

Has not this maid her eyes brightly firing?
While, so is love, her arms surrounding him,
Their flames incandescent blithely aspiring,
Shine to their furthest and supreme empyring,
Even the kingdom of their souls, sweet loves,
Love, sweet enchanting balm of angels and doves.

This know the stars; and stars are maidens too!
They, being goddesses, each planet god
'Mongst them his light must seek with love to woo;
Loving this, they aid the maidens of this sod.
Darkness like yeast, diffuses from a pod
Contaging, her womb had bred the earth to day,
Wherefore her nursings teach to love his way.

But, jealous girls! abhor their likes' competing,
For beauty, like eagles, each seeks a mount supreme;
Yet, as their eyes saw lips to lips on meeting,
Each twinkling star blushed out with rarer gleam.
Then envy sate and preached to them her theme,
"Since that this maid so steals our beauteous eye,
We are debased, hence, 'gainst her wooing spy."

Gladys Klyne

For girls in love when they their love is pleading,
Revere to hide away from sight and all;
For when their hearts their eyes and lips are leading,
Save to their speech their ears are but a wall.
Woe to that brute! attempting to forestall.
But, having supped, if overseen they see,
Love's passion filled, their hate out-laugh in glee.

Yet, that they shun, against themselves they seek!
Girls love to trot on lovers unawares!
And, caught the listing, both unawared squeak!
Each saddens first! then each with laugh declares,
"Nothing was seen. Surprise! it lights my fears."
But, surprised thus, henceforth are friendlier bound,
She seen, thus ruled, must rule the other's tongue.

But rules to females simply laughter spills;
She is the source of joy, and joy's the seed
Of life. Even as water bubbles the rills,
Splinters the rock, and in the lowlands feed
Meadows and fields the potions they most need,
So does their laughter echo from the girls,
Which joying laughter all the world aw whirls.

Why should the stars disdain to intervene
When they, thus joyed, blush forth with rarer light?
But, should it seem: to see thus they are seen
Before they see, beget their souls with fright.
How can they see unless they come in sight!
Wherefore each eye saw once, then, disappeared;
Then, slow returned, full blinded while she neared.

Gladys Klyne

Fast in their arms these lovers kissing hung,
Darkness grew dark since Cupid ordered this;
Like to a storm black, bolting, thund'rous strung
On clouds disturbs not the raven, in bliss
These twin-souled loving grapes slung, tight to kiss,
No wedge may part. They are so unit one!
When love has seized his hold nought else is prone.

This so ecstased the stars! see how they flit!
Even as rodents aboriginal
Live all one clan in fields of plenteous fit,
So shone the stars; but, when the lean jackal
Leads forth his packs which 'fore them panting
crawl,

As would these timids beat their hasty tracks,
So first their myriads turn with fleeting backs.

Unto his furthest hole each pauseless paces,
So closed the stars and all was dark and black;
Awhile remained, slow came their creeping faces
Simply assuring if yet there stood the pack;
On seeing them, they gazed, then, learnt their lack
Of rumored thirst—from distance safe—shone out
Compassing bright as though they ne'er did doubt.

But, timidly, her twinkle each is trembling,
They may thus pant for unexpected rush!
Now do they twinkle more by less dissembling,
More fearful now, they brighter, deeper blush,
Look: their more feared, their heavy breaths now
hush,

And! nigher to their holes to gaze the foe;
This creeping noises, away all fastest go.

Gladys Klyne

Anon their bravest edges into sight,
Whose courage whets them all to thither come,
Some of their livel'est trot to her aright,
Some slow and fearful steal, but, hither roam
Fully resolved to race their fastest home
At any moment any fears so bid,
Some wind now barks! and lo! their light is hid.

Likened a crab by morn surveys his hole
Basking in his domains within the sun,
Now fearless, forth their lights most boldly stole;
But as that crab nor three feet far would run,
Protected thus these starry maidens shone;
And did these lovers pause to take their breath,
Forthwith they fled and sealed their eyes in death.

Thus merry in such gaming hide and seek
At their expense these maidens gained their fun.
But, when this maiden's thought amassed to speak,
Night quick commanded them her paths to shun;
Unto their domes these dainty nymphs did run,
For from the south a cloud of blackness rose
Dominant, silent, whose poise did them depose.

Cupid had urged the darling ears of night
To blind herself and reign as though intrancing.
Fast closed her shutters, and at once their light
Succumbéd as her tears they were advancing,
Which while their lists of love he was enhancing.
Pausing she sighed, then arms embracing thrown,
Thus squeezed awhile, she led him to a stone.

Gladys Klyne

Hereon they sat and once more did she sigh,
For they had caught each other's eyes in eyes,
Which with a stinging conscience they espied
A grief besetting them fraught with surprise;
Each would deflect, both gazed unto the skies,
But now the universe seemed sadness dyed;
She sighed, she clasped her hands, she sobbed, she
cried.

Even so falls some soft and silent rain
Blessing the soil with inuproar'ous pour,
Whose rich alchemy saccharines the grain,
Summons the reaper and granaries his store,
Thus did humanity within this maiden soar.
That she has wept, let none for causes ask,
Since frail mortality yokes a heavy task.

Weep on, poor maiden, weep; oh! weep your fill.
Yours is a weight which you alone may bear.
Here sits an innocent, tears from her spill,
Would that her life no woes did bring to share!
So very harmless! sweet beyond compare!
What, gracious maiden, now your heart so mars?
Her love to-morrow sails to lands of wars.

This said, enough. Who shall her tears deny?
Shall he return? Alas! is he so blest?
Ah! that all men when sorrow so descry,
War on this demon, war, and slay that pest!
But, why should man submit to such request?
Women of Earth! you mould in man his soul,
Cleanse first your blood, then, wash him in that
bowl.

Gladys Klyne

When I upon this mourn of earth pensate,
Or scan this day of man as oft I've done,
What though these drains of blood some crowns
elate,
What if their streams do murmur one has won,
Each drop, each clot, I see a life is gone.
Who can gainsay comparéd with some "King,"
That grave had lived a king when "King" was
thing?

Pluck not his rose, leave it itself's to shed,
Laws that must millions slay are not for life;
He, who to them has living persons wed,
Can by instruction build a path to strife;
Man is in man, by him is made the knife;
And, would a path be sought unto his glory,
Grow him in him, not him by him and gory.

Nor rained her streams a lengthened torrent weep-
ing

When he around her hurled his loving arms,
Then soft bewailing, his breast her tresses keeping,
There on such nesting found she blissmost balms:
But, sobbing, she had sent the clouds alarms,
Which to dissolve, they sped a washing shower;
Avoiding, they ran to nestle 'neath a bower.

Dull moaned the trees as they from sight withdrew
Unwet to sit 'neath branches over-hanging,
Then too the rains about them stones did strew,

Gladys Klyne

Crowns, on whose wetted heads were diamonds
spangling,
'Gainst which their drops lashed pearls with sparkles
dangling;
Gracing their shelter these gems lit forth their
blazes,
Leaves to sweet music sang their strains against their
faces.

One disobedient star crept forth to see—
Bold teening girl—how sweet they were embracing;
Clouds blocked her way, and when they would her
plea,
Night spanked the dear and home she howled her
pacing,
Where jolly stars then mocked at her disgracing.
While fell the torrents with murmurings that
pleased,
Sweet fragranced flo'ers their attars fresh released.

Where they resided thick copse had formed a cave,
Some relished nook for nymphs and sylvan elves;
For floor a carpet matted grass they have,
Arched dome and roof of myrtles shelved on shelves,
Chrysanthemums threw in their peeping selves.
Trees reared aloft drank in the bleating rains,
Round by a moat their streams ran to the plains.

"So it is come to this, this sad farewell!"
Just as they sat these words this maiden said,
Her voice, so choked by tears, it tolled a knell,

Gladys Klyne

When on his bosom fell her burdened head.
Softly his palms about her cheeks he led,
Which, so anointing, fed with soothing balm,
Slow rose her eyes to his hopeless but calm.

As when Phoebe fires the midnight grass,
Whose sad and slumb'ring blades border a lake,
Gilding its liquid surface like a glass,
So did his mirroring eyes her image break;
What wrinkles o'er her face these sorrows make!
Conceiving thus she cried, "Woe! woe is me!"
Her love embracing tight, he said this plea.

"Sweet Gladys dear! our land this duty needs."
"Quite true," she broke, "but I have needs for you."
"So many other loves; and yet, these heeds,"
Said he, "when bugles call their totals rue;
All men assert this rule and teaching true."
"Can bugles' calls compare you with my heart?"
She asked, "nought, love, save death should us
apart."

"Our hearts are strung by Cupid's dearest bow,"
Said he. "Shot with his arrow's golden tip,"
She added, "though love is blind, no thistles grow
Where'er he seeks to tread." "Rare rose's lip
Wafts on his way, Venus alone may sip
Its precious hoards," he mused. "Thus am I stored,"
She mutely sobbed. "Why war demands? My
Lord!"

Gladys Klyne

Ah! hearts of love! unfeigné thus in pining,
Arise your souls, chastize this sad despair;
Awake your merry youths like morning reclining
Fast on the breasts of life, gladdens the ear;
Whip sorrow's imp unto his banished sphere.
For, which of mortal men his soul wouldn't give:
In your hearts to be and thus together live.

Consequential improbability!
Alas! that it should be 'tis meet to think,
When on life's groaning instability
Love sees her love o'er precipital brink,
Or like a breath which lungs of death shall drink.
This sums his gain to mental insanity,
Increasing man's: a million biers? Vanity.

Long had she pleaded grave and full to him
He should resist obedient calls to war's;
He long obeyed, but yet no prayer could dim
That flame of youth whose imperative laws
Command against the foes and cull their guards
From manly patriotic ranks of youth,
Her pleas seemed wrong, enlisting seemed truth.

Thrice had their bugles blown around the town,
Thrice lay his ears a prey unto her voice,
Thrice felled each hoard his slaught'ring foes
around,
Thrice 'gainst his soul these foes echoed rejoice,
Love to his love then duty fought for choice,
Had he no soul by manly muscles loined?
Then, love be wronged, recruiting ranks he joined.

Gladys Klyne

His noble soul this duteous task has won,
Which fought a losing battle to her cares,
For her to live and die: 'tis his alone,
"Rescue our homes from foes: relieves all fears,
No higher need of man with that compares,
Protecting home's man's gift to life supreme,"
Chanted his soul, and that resolved his theme.

Oh! that our living fears were not conspiring
Unto their gains by graves' mortal banishment!
Oh! that these earthal needs shall seek no pyreing,
Cancel their thirst for life's youthful vanishment!
Can glories shine besides maidens' languishment?
Even so the sun: his rays by storms being scarred,
Shines brighter forth the morn; yet, day was marred.

Life's wails, its woes, its foes, their souls have shattered;
Even a mighty pine splintered on the hill,

Whose fallen branches crushed and broken battered,
Rot on the rocks when thund'rous lightnings spill,
She rears a momument to deeds of ill.

Where shall her breast its sweet relievings find
Save in what woes to be now grow supine?

Impotent her voice to vent what she would say,
Grief-laden Gladys clings to his caressing,
Fain would she speak, but in her voice's way
Thoughts, sorrow, awe, despair, lay most distressing.
She must be brief since night was darker pressing,
But, as she grew composed, tears broke again,
She full perceived 'twas useless and in vain.

Gladys Klyne

What are her words this night but nought availing?
What is their gain but unrestraining tears?
Yet, how like waves, her breast were they assailing,
Lash, splash, recurring on her will with fears!
Nought but their hoary sprays she hissing hears.
Which forceful waves her pains were multiplying,
For, in his breast she knew like gusts were flying.

So is the gemming love this maiden bears,
Far is desire she should these wraths augment,
Which 'gainst the fleece of life like sharpmost shears,
Hack with unruly aim on ruins bent,
All run for ruthlessness their course is spent;
Arms thus entwined, these on her frailty weigh,
Yet, she for him seeks what may his allay.

Likened a laden bee poised on a rose,
So would a thought take seat upon his tongue,
But as a dragon-fly shuns creeping foes,
Up-flown, away, and oft returns, it hung
In drips and on his conscience tolling rung.
Aught he may say he knew would fret her grief,
Wherefore did silence succeed their murmurs brief.

Thrice in the day they had conversing faced,
Rehearsed their vows of old and made anew;
She was resolved her love was not misplaced,
Convinced that this his act was best to do;
Resolved convincings taught their love was true.
Silent, now sitting, each soul was known to each,
What were the virtues they may impart by speech?

Gladys Klyne

But like the charms a potion bears a wound,
So silence meditates unto the quick;
As when 'fore eve the air is void of sound,
The lazy sun lies spent and panting sick,
Birds hide in leaves and lambkins do not kick
'Round three o'clock, so sat their pensive selves,
When hark! that balm within their spirits delves.

Pianos play their tuned harps by keys,
So on the mind the conscience' genius knocks;
How sweetly weep viols on mid-night breeze!
Down waving moon-lit plains! climbed stony rocks
Of snoring sleep! relieving dreaming shocks!
So, precious laden, conscience leads her train
Refreshing thought, as sleep renews from pain.

As budding morns their plenteous horns unfold,
So granaries the soul by conscience' scythe;
He lights the topmost cliffs with streaming gold,
Shrines incomparable, reflecting light,
Diffusing luminariants so bright,
Beacon to toil his onward climbing reels,
So rosed a soul with tongue sweet silence steels.

Burst forth, you, winds! and pipe, you, chanting
birds!

Streams, tune your rills! and trees, blossom harmony!
Music from beasts! and symphonies from herds!
Arise, unceasing swell! the day is by!
Even so the peals of silence' voices vie;
And, as these musics harvester the fields,
Thus to the tongue the thought his treasures yields.

Gladys Klyne

Liken a cloud hangs heavy on the skies,
So does a laden tongue on woman weigh;
And, as its bower spits clattering surprise,
Bathing the air with glooms and sullen day,
So may it uncontrolled bequeath its sway;
Some morns in weeping pour with brighter blaze,
So sweet a pensive maid her soul displays.

What sweeter fruit but luscious sapodillas,
Earners a prize above ballatas red?
What rarer sight than fleet and rainbowed hummers,
Sparkling sapphires o'er blossoms' arbored head?
These dainties are but faint, her lips comparéd.
What dearer balm a needful heart can fill
Than from this maiden's soul may loving spill?

She is a treasure, her mouth is but its door;
One key unlocks this rich Groesean den.
Looked in her eyes, the brain may learn its store,
Wherefore she raised these globes to his again.
He gazes her, is charmed enflamed, and then!
Like to a moon full blazed within his arms,
She clings enraptured, there safe from wildest
harms.

Delicious love their youthful souls enrapt'ring,
Lights up their lawns as though a harvest moon;
The fairest rose lies moustache on a spring,
Where ever hymning wings retreat with tune;
There too the flippant bees with nature's spoon.
With tuneful souls ring out the moon-lit leaves,
So nurse their hearts when loves each other squeeze.

Gladys Klyne

Likened a billow climbs his foaming head,
Love in their breasts with love so played and fled,
Chasing enraptured within each mortal bed,
Lashing their currents and paint their cheeks with
red,

Blazing their hearts whose heat was by love fed,
While as the wave spreads rushing o'er the beaches,
Fomenting souls, their effervescence reaches.

How oft as I have seen the sun roll home
Hemming the fields with girths of living fire,
Burnishing hues that gild the harvest loam,
Sprayed o'er the corn and sipped the dirty mire,
Whipping the clouds that 'gainst his march con-
spire,

My eyes my heart awake to this surprise!
So in their breasts did exclamation rise.

Curbing this exclamation and constraining,
Yet in their hearts a conscious stir was lit,
Even 'fore night when feathered throats refraining
Love-songs to loves from bough to bough do flit,
So did their souls now new embracing sit;
When, as a robin sings upon the hill,
Opened her mouth, and forth! sweet chatters spill.

What sparkles brighter than burning morns of May
When o'er the ocean's womb their diamonds light,
When high these fiery crests lift heads to day,
Whose hoary age flings brines of silvery white?
How wades the thirsting sun o'er this delight?
But, as confusioned jolts each brow to brow,
So thoughts his voice did stuff with silence now.

Gladys Klyne

Liken some reined steed pulls on his bridle,
Tugging in vain and fighting 'gainst his rein,
So sought his soul to nullify their libel,
Since in their crowding each would each profane;
But, washed cloth will drip on cloth his stain;
So does a choking throat dye flesh in red;
They dyed his cheeks, and, tossed his love-flamed
head.

He, silent man, this battling clash was bearing
All in the muteness of a pigeon on the air.
But she, loving girl, being on his features peering,
Heard not their struggles, but saw their clouds appear:
Each chasing each, when he his throne would rear:
One moment shone, and then, depart retreating;
Forthwith, she kissed him, a sword, which slashed
defeating.

Their ragings ceased, her arms were tighter circling,
When lo! his lips her kiss with kiss returned;
And, so these treats shall thrill them both engirdling,
Breast strung to breast their breaths in full glow
burned;
Oh! how for loving were their souls so learned!
Eyes stuck to eyes, she sighed and said, "My dearest!"
Kissing she paused, his kiss replied, "My fairest!"

Ah! as the rarest moons pearl the heights above,
Bristling their fires' perpetual serenity,

Gladys Klyne

Spread on the domes of man soothing sleeps of love,
So dazzled purity from eye to eye,
Glazed in a blending sheen of harmony.
Ah! that these nestled hearts men's acts should sever!
Glories may rent them, but love can sever never.

Now were these rains their softest torrents pouring,
Lest their contagings against their warmth shall
chill;

Yet, did she gaze without, her eyes went loring
The stones how fiery loving eyes may kill;
Which seen, threw back of her they feared no ill.
So: sweet musics shall entertain their speeches,
Night's dusky wings played harps upon the breezes.

Which tunes their hearts and fingers' tips enfond-
ling,

Cupid stole his against her throbbing breast;
Which fingers, likened to a twitting youngling,
Beside his moth'ring thumb, upon this nest
Bobbing impulsive by breaths of love's address,
Met such a meal, as though a heifer grazing,
Love shot his flamest bolt to dim their gazing.

How see the eyes of love in deathmost dark!
Therefor this sudden lightning sealed their eyes;
But, love is blind, he needs nor flame nor spark,
This witty Cupid would their souls apprise.
They knew he knew; but yet, he should revise!
So, being blind, sent ardor to their hands!
And, on that mound his palm with blisses lands.

Gladys Klyne

Spirit with heart and soul, thus touched, commingling,

Burn in their flaméd breasts with ruddier gold;
Unfathomed intransparency then shingling,
Even a cloud's the sun's, blinds each a mole,
Which, solving out his paths, feels about his hole;
But, as a tabby's whisker clears about his road,
Once more her lips did intimate her hoard.

"My sweet and dearest," said she, "I treasure this
Priceless beyond the virtues of my heart;
Your loving, thrilling, arm-embracing kiss
Illumes as though a masterpiece of art,
So, I, thus stored, an academic mart;
Embracing you, and thrilled by tightest squeezes,
Purest volcanic love in me releases.

"Even as a fountain hurls his liquid flame
In the ethereal boundless 'midsts of air,
Splinters his bolt as shots beseeeking game,
And, felt the fickle safety of that sphere,
Dives home again with full beseeching prayer,
So do the sparklings of my treasure start;
But, home returned, they value more your heart.

"Home do they haste with swift and straight declension—

Irreconcilable predestination—
Borne fleet by winds' electric insuspension,
Aesthetic wombs of laden love's gestation,
Whose borning mouths want no interpretation,
But, chant to me awaiting, their messaged souls;
Each word my heart enchains and it engoals.

Gladys Klyne

"Of incomparable consistency,
That is the substance of their theme gestatious,
All, whose entreaties with pleasures multiply,
Rivet us more with soldering flames voracious,
Thus are our souls united uningracious.
Wherefore my moanings by groaning woes increase
When I pensate awhile their bliss must cease.

"To cease! and you to leave! alas! alas!
Now is myself's a storm's enraging sea,
Look! look! what sullen, gloomy clouds go pass!
Blustering, spluttering, black, dismal, ugly,
Thund'rous abuses, all belching foul heiniety!
So does this day of man with man live grave.
Will it destroy this precious love I have?"

Forthwith as from some high aerial bower,
Pan on his flowers spits deitic tea,
Not in a growled, blasphemous, scolding shower,
But as the dew disports upon a tree
The brilliant morn and weighs her leaves with glee,
So through her breast a liquid vapor ran
Unto her eyes, but there maintained its stand.

Not that is was constrained from outward raining,
Nor had its van outpaced its martial rear,
But as it coursed full heedless of restraining,
It weakened fell to love's unquenching flare,
Whose heat smoth'ring wandered everywhere
Within and both around; which, being foe,
Slaughtered his life 'fore he did further go.

Gladys Klyne

But, he, being halted in her closéd eyes,
Had long interpolate his acid in her thought,
Which, vaporizing, floated to the skies,
Leaving his dregs where words by voice was sought,
Whose weight did poise her throat and suffer
nought
To vent; word-choking maid, her thoughts did
pause,
When speech thus stayed, she kissed herself's ap-
plause.

Nor was she then possessed of means to stray,
To wander on and lead a journey long,
Walk slow along the lanes, drink flo'ers on the way,
Climb up and stand upon the hill where strong
The sun his mighty beams was pouring down,
Or, were it afternoon besides a gutter,
Gaze on the cowslips with coats of golden flutter.

And, furthermore, it now was prisoned night,
Which is the day of meditative sleepings
Even as the fire burns crimson crackling bright
Against the sighing frostiness of wintry weepings,
Blessing men's homes with gems of starry peepings;
Liken this sparkling hearth resurrects its sparklings
So meditates the night in loving larkings.

Yet, 'fore to this, their souls had learnt so much,
What may this meeting talking much impart?
The camomile's buds by feet if harshly touched,
The more erasing crushed, can ne'er depart,

Gladys Klyne

Even so words fly from love's most whetted heart.
But when the night cloaks up the heavens blue,
Love bids to nestling e'en as birdies do.

Often just as the brilliant gorgeous morn
Unfolds his window o'er the night-capped East,
This night, whose face the hue of graves has borne,
Hangs on the air lamenting weeping breast,
Shedding a mystic tear for meadows' feast,
Earth, paid for this, in rainbow holds the sky,
So, him embracing, her silvery arms did lie.

Rainbow and sunlight's contend this landscaped
scene:

The sun, he glitters on the misty wires,
Rainbow with seven dyes encrown the meadows
green,

The sun, he lights the fields with crystal fires,
Silent, majestic, rainbow unfolds sapphires,
Each shines more beautiful his foe to dim;
Their lustre's dull against her arms round him.

Even as moon-lit nights sleep on the waves,
Gilding their surface phosphorus transparency,
When a blazed light 'gainst bounden sheaves be-
haves:

Consuming their store he scarlets on the sky,
So would her arms surrounding lustrous vie.
Yet, they do fade, the clouds shall cease reflecting,
Thus mused the night her bracing arms detecting.

Now night, her toilet made, being long awakened,
Turned off her faucets and reined the liquid vapor,

Gladys Klyne

Blithely the moon she glistening bright emblazoned
Queen of a starred tiara to elate her,
Who, hunting 'mongst the clouds as though to 'scape
her,
Night loosed grey-hounds to seize the flitting moon.
Which, joyed the trees, they mocked their barking
tune.

Forthwith Lucina by Diana was bade
Stallion the seas with multiplying brood,
Since these canines within her meshes had
Tangled themselves and she had charmed their
mood,
Them would she hurl unbaited sharks for food,
Therefor these fishes glad spangled the water
And for her proffered bits threw sprays with laugh-
ter.

Even as wild and daring circus' maids,
Real drunken butterflies in somersault,
Swim through trapeze with wondrous awed amaze,
So they out-leapt the lashing briney vault,
Each encount'ring each in mad unfeigned assault,
Like dusky doves up-climb the desert air;
But, on the sea returning, sprayed everywhere.

This frolic pleased the moon, her heart o'er-filling,
Her laughing cheeks lit out their merriest blaze,
Pearlied the brooks whose merry tunes were rilling,
Diamond the dewy leaf with radiant rays
While on their loving mount her breast she lays,
Then, darling starry nymphs such music played,
Vibrating, the leaves with echoes tossed and swayed.

Gladys Klyne

This music to love's drinking souls up-gliding,
Chimed sweetest symphonies against the brain,
Which, like a fondled puppet, fawned residing,
Controlled the heart to bear its sweet refrain
On coursing blood, along whose crimsoned lane
The lists supreme of kissing lovers lie.
Which they were serving as this balm drew nigh.

Oft in the silent meditating night,
Fresh from the treasures of slumber relieving
Some toiled worn t'ascend his sleepmost height,
Many a soul, aestheticism conceiving,
Prize, e'en as gods, a pair of globules heaving;
Lay there the breast or head, 'tis pleasure's delight.
So incomparable their hearts alight.

"My sweetest loving dear," said he releasing
Their lips from lips, long having drunk their fill,
When, so their sweets with rarer treats appeasing,
One palm against his cheeks circled her will,
So lifed their warmth before seeméd but chill;
Hugging yet closer, her head to his they press,
Love-blazéd ardor which bumble bees address.

When in the glories of most fantastic thought,
Toil-laden souls shall seek unbounden bliss,
Praising unvalued what treasures past were sought,
Their hearts must gladden experiencing this:
'Tis rarest and dearest, arm-bounden moon-lit kiss
When breaths commingling entertain their hearts,
One jewel in both breasts radiating starts.

Gladys Klyne

This is the harvest which life and living wage.
Life lived a flower, what purer wombed essence
Intoxicates the breast, and, like a page
Voiceless or not, out-chanticleers his presence?
Kisses do sire life as grief leads penance.
But, as their children's life by him is succored,
So is a kiss by truthful lovers honored.

"Liken a river lies," said he continuing,
"Unrustling breasts against the bord'ring grass;
With liquid mettle rich the plains pursuing,
Lays to the sun a coat of glistening brass
At even's tide, so is the young and tender lass
Refted her love, brass dyes her precious gold
In grief and wounds her true affectioned soul.

"So 'tis to think of you, and, which is not!
Now in this night of last embracing tears.
How sweet of love this dearthsome grief to blot,
Mould us of purest breasts full free from cares!
Flame us one glowing light that sweet endears!
Life seems so glorious, so dear enhancing,
All in a giddy whirl my spirit's dancing.

"How seems all life to avalanche to death!
So is this life a never-ending stream;
And, for the male is but its wafting breath,
She is the currents' sole e'er-motioned beam,
Second to none except the sun-light's gleam,
Wherefore when thunders foul our stations menace,
Yours are the woes their blastings hereon place.

Gladys Klyne

"Each soul's but half a link unto the chain
Girdling the lives of each community,
They must be linked so none 'gainst none disdain,
But, shouldered, yoke themselves in harmony,
Each seen by each: an eye reflecting eye;
But, as right hands stray further than the left,
Oft must his half from her, the half, be cleft.

"Now, as the stream gives life unto the plain,
So do females give life unto the male;
This meadowed field repays the stream with grain,
So in repayment hers he must not fail;
But, see: the grain the stream therefrom does sail;
But, whither gone his price upsoars her worth,
Thus oft one's half for glory leaves her hearth.

"So, thither gone, her precious grace is soaring.
It is the grain thus gone re-lives in grain.
Thus roams her soul more graciousness in loring
When all against antagonists' restrain
His valiance raise aloft her fame's refrain;
So with me gone, my deeds are all for you,
Which is enflamed the more when love is true.

"But clouds arm-bounding clouds spill out the rain,
Which is the substance that the stream controls,
Rising her breasts, as love's, swelling the grain;
That is the gold which gold to man unfolds;
Thus are we taught in harmonizing souls;
Wherefore I see, that, bound my arms with men,
Thus unified, we bear you rarer gem.

Gladys Klyne

"So true this may be borne by aught than this;
Quite true this undertaking is but dearth.
But see, my dearest, when the lightning is,
What may be done its storm shall tear on Earth;
All that the hand may do defends his hearth.
O'er every hearth your soul as Queen is reared,
Therefore men's souls take fear when yours is feared.

"Therefore relieving this it must be sought,
That must be slayed which is your doom conspiring,
Each venomed fang by venom must be fought
Until his virus soul lays low respiring
Last breaths of earthly blood for banished pyreing.
What to the heart its lustre shines more dear
Than peaceful life bereft of threatening fear?

"Dearest, as sweet composed now you are,
This said has won your loved conviction's pleading.
What may unto your virtues all compare
But this: our aims your living safe is yielding
Against the jaws of death whose scythe is wielding?
This is the highest act of life, my dear."
They kissed again, and never lips did se'er.

Now, as I must this reason why relate,
All through my breast a shivering rage is trembling;
How do I scorn predestinated fate,
Who lures our youthful lives to woes dissembling
While then with careful toil his shears are 'ssembling!

This fate bade Cupid hurl his chieftest bow.
Alas! alas! alas! that it was so.

Gladys Klyne

Now for their lists of love their souls were riven,
Even so tight, commended supreme pleasure;
Deep in his breast a flame was red enliven,
Whose shining rays directed him this treasure.
Forth went his fingers' stealth full bent on seizure;
Now, as a miner seeks his gem with light,
Love shot a bow to drill his depths aright.

But, Cupid! therefor too eager was he seeking,
Directing his blinded bow he shot astray,
Which wanton shaft his unaimed way then eeking,
Unto an oak it made its stranded way.
Even as thunders plunge boats within the bay,
So did this bolt with lightning take his foe,
Shatt'ring his bearings with dark sulphurous blow.

Night, who her sceptred sway was reigning,
Seeing the error this wand'ring bow would bring,
Awoke the monstrous South and bade his training
A stormy bolt against this errant thing,
Forthwith a lightning rod his shaft did fling
Fleeter, that, traveling a longer way,
Rang on this bolt as he the oak did slay.

Liken a lion roars warnings to his cub,
Thrice louder roared the latter to the first,
Who would have pulled, but, fearful to bedub
His god, threw on this trunk his fiery purse
With little brawn, which, he, the next, made worse.
Straightway that tow'ring oak, crashed to the
ground,
Threw dying arms this loving twain around.

Gladys Klyne

Who sees a beast struck down, sees how he writhes;
So crazed in dying rolled around this tree,
Mightily lashing, with cracking jars he fights,
Marring and scarring whate'er obstructing be,
And suffers what is grasped unfreed to flee,
Likened the drowning man clings to a straw.
So lay their breasts, both victims of this law.

Night scowled and howled while Cupid fled derided,
Lightnings to chase him, thunders fright his steeds;
Forthwith a wind beside the oak resided
And with one puff his arm from them he leads,
Only to learn Death claimed them for his meeds.
High then a wreath of leaves was spread, their biers,
Whereon night's weeping eyes spilled sorrowed
tears.

Damned! be the bow, that loved, 'gainst love confounds,
Whether his aim was mirthful strayed or nay.
Damned! be the leafy arm that souls surrounds,
Whose hearts do wear their lovemost paired array.
Yet, now their bliss-fed souls see brighter day,
E'er in the regions where angels are choiring,
There in the land of love's harmonious sway,
There where the blessed of Earth's for joys retiring,
Construct their earthal acts for good to reap untiring.

Gladys Klyne

Now here, here, here, her flower lies,
Her breathless soul, who no one wished aught ill.
To heaven flown, 'tis sure she thither hies,
Too early plucked, 'tis true; but yet,—Thy Will.
She has not drunk, of Earth! her mortal fill,
And, scarcely her from presence can we spare,
But yet: we must; she's lifeless, breathless, still.
This is the shore whereto life's troubles steer
All Earth's as lifeless them, whose tribute's now
their bier.

MORE HARMONY

MORE HARMONY

After long bleedings have beset our plains,
Experience her knowledged ways must lead;
Directing light affords each past-lived deed.
Then, he, who would the best his brothers' gains,
By ruts and mire felled, by slippery lanes,
Cannot but pray her teachings we shall heed.
No longer slaught'rous drunk; nations, let me plead
Your acts of sanely, sobered, seasoned rains.
O Irene! you to many men bear charms,
To other many meditating hours,
And Earth is oft by you caressed and wooed,
So, would you think this day alleviating harms,
Against her murd'rous thirst pour poisoned showers,
Else to destructive death present her brood.

World power! you are Earth's and earthly be;
Then, nation, of that think; and thinking, say
Or know "My children, they are I." Each day
Before to trading breathes the morn the sea,
Consider them; remember "He and she."
Ill tempered wars of you are but to slay
The budding youthful life of them, repay
By death their life that lives and sustains thee.
O Irene! in your pastures hidden, there
Some Shades of hell new evil deeds experiment,
And older ones with nurture cultivate;
Yet Powers, humble prayers list and hear,
Earth's hearts in suspense clothed, fasting, penitent,
Beseech refrain and war abhorring hate.

More Harmony

When I consider how much life is spent
'Tween foe and foe for ten short yards of ground,
How lightnings' flash and thund'rous peals must
bound

The eyes' horizon far around and rent
The womb of earth for empty graves pre-sent
The blood to drink and bones to chew, whose sound
Of wails and dying cries and prayer did drown
Opposed assaults 'midst flames and fightings blent,
When I consider that it all is done,
This sacrifice is laud to be so meet,
Endears the shouting joys of holidays,
I wonder: have we really gained a crown,
Some laud achievement? Were it worth the treat
Men sing unto themselves accomplished praise?

We must consider what it is to say,
This consecrated life of man to bow,
We must imagine what it means to know,
To conscious breathe the thought from May to
May,

To note, and write, and read, each day by day
This paragoned, this man, in death is low,
His many millions to his Reaper throw.
Ah no! himself his wars that himself slay?
Oh earthly glory! if I of you one boon,
One heart's petition I to you may breast,
One sob's admission I to you may send,
Would you be pleased and pleased would you be
soon

More Harmony

To erudite mentality, request,
Ever creed, "Love man and man with love attend."

As I upon each morn of morn arise,
Just when the stealing creepers of the sun
Dawn in the east and day is soon begun
His ensigns' flutter in the breeze, the skies
Are wide awake and forth his glory flies,
Whose choiring symphonies this earth do run
Unto her climbed meridian, whose summit's shone
Bounds and blindfolds the day to night, there lies
Before my path in fact and thought a land,
A mournful, bled, distressed, pierced strand;
No balm allays, all hearts condole its groans,
No sound how topmost reared can drown its moans.
Oh for a pen! of man to man to write
Its wrongs. Oh for a hand its foes to cite!

It is my lone and solitary habit:
Be pent within—whenever purse affords—
The comp'ny and services of books, whose hoards,
Each leafy shelf o'er-run, a gem is lit,
And precious unto the heart takes flit
An eye, even a key, whose limbs and pores
May ope some heart to hearts, unsteeling swords
Whose cuts are bleeding hate, and life grave fit
With miracles: full trained and most attached.
These leaves as I have said are lights; unmatched;
Transcendence excellent uncelled; whose showers
Ever bear the rays of gladness as of flowers,
Petalled butterflies, unmoving birds' delights,
Build worlds for us and give them sun by nights.

More Harmony

So dutiful a task pre-occupied
Me ever, although in truth, my shoulders' yoke
Was never constant bound. Must I revoke
What thoughts and vast assumptions I espied,
What formulations I had made, and pride
Decreed, and love adored us, men? Ah! smoke
Of slaughterous blasts obscures the eye, the coke
Of youthful life to rot is all descried,
And man's catastrophe is man. I fain
Would be a serpent, outcast my poisoned self,
A life whose sure discovery spills death,
Than be convinced, I am, I can't pretend,
This dearth of life to life is but for pelf.
An act of man now wanton wastes his breath.

In such a business it has been my wont
To price this Earth a good perfected haunt.
Not that thick shrubs of rue were not implant,
Nor was all life a love—you must not grant
A full perfectness bliss, there must be bad—
But yet my laboring self in truth was glad
That it as it was it. My eyes did see
Eruption, yes. But more, agreeability.
Alack! alack! alack! I sigh, this time
Is not to-day. And more, to-day is not;
No day is day, but dark and foulsome night
Abides its black and dusky self. The slime
From Mars' canals breathes mists upon this blot,
Called Earth, so black! I long to see some light.

More Harmony

O Earth!

Is life a wretch, a forlorn child?

A soul forsaken, desperate, wild?

A roe by woeful huntings chased?

A heart your own, ransacked, debased?

A humble dog, unfriended, chained?

Ill-wind willow, e'er mournful strain?

An ill-blown flo'er o'er desert sea?

A soul deserted? We? Deserted? We?

What have we ever done? Ever done to thee?

O Earth!

Ah! we, child elements of our blood, man!

The spittings of that womb, the life the cares,

The teachings, the sole ambition that I am,

The nursings, the tend'rest loves of loving years,

These achievements the ilk of our forbears,

Who glorified slaughter, whom slaughters glorify!

Ah remorseless man! earth's sublimest fears!

How in your element you yourself belie,

When murder be your vaunts and when such vaunt's
to die.

O man! O life! O love! procreating self!

Why beat we hearts disown, hearts dis-incline?

Move all by tears? If not, what stubborn elf

Your thoughts resolve non-filial unto mine:

So be you I and mine all truly thine?

Nor murder, man, nor slaughter, man, adore;

But life deem priceless be, earth-loaned, divine,

E'er hallowéd to be, therefore deplore

Acts diplomat, which dearth-ful grave forevermore

More Harmony

Why is destruction so rampant awaked?
And why is man his self's marauding slaves?
Fishes to prey through this life's billowed waves
On brother, fish? And too, of thirst unslaked,
Which, once drunk blood, seeks to his bowels quak-
ed

The draught of blood when that alone so paves
His life's foundations 'gainst a fall, he laves
Death's melting scythe which man lays icy flaked?
And yet I ask as though I know not why,
It's well we ask and neither each reply.
We are the deaf, the dumb, the blind, who crust
To dustless dust since 'tis decreed we must.
But, may we for Death's Reaper each the other give,
"The voice of man too says we here must fight to
live"?

Let us impart, all, brothers, simply this:
This thing termed life is primitively bliss;
'Twas that ordained. No womb of earth if brute
Or man, sired to the lusts of nature's lute,
But, with the joy ecstased that moment's germ
Lodged in productiveness incomprehensible,
When from that richness full made condens'ble
To days amidst this day of fleeting breath,
It shall sojourn an heir of joy till death.
All life is but a day, by day 'twas born,
And out this bornéd day his days return
And cash the sum of life. The berth of birth
Is joy; and birth has progenized the earth,
So is the progeny to joy an heir;

More Harmony

And, as the earth against all fears toy fear,
So shall her brood contrive their years by year.
This thing, called life, it is a fact to last;
A gift the most sublime, of color fast;
A ray whose lustre multiplying lights;
One blent orchestred sound whose many flights
Delicious, sweet, conform the wails of basses
T'inconfound the shrillest, blythest pitch of lasses,
Sonated to such symphonated tones
That resurrect to life and dispel groans.
'Tis not our act to cultivate for swoonings,
But, so to foster life, a groom to boonings:

Many a brilliant dawning have I known
Lay sparkling upon the East, a whisper blown
Amongst the trees, whose sleeping height obscures
His first-oped eye, commands that his impures
Or darksome clouds of rain or sullen morn
Or over-sleeping grouch, shall not be born
To tear or wrath the marchings of his day,
But full triumphant glory be his way.
So when this breezy whisper to the leaves
Hung drooping low through night or to the sheaves
Whose home upon the rolling plains has reared
Its verdant, matted, emerald shroud arrayed
Unto the skies, even some goodly saint,
Whose trials borne repay with halo's paint,
I see a beckoning form amidst the wind,
Directed house-wards; I look, and then behind
I seem to hear some chanticleering voice
Blasting his trumpets "Rejoice! awake! rejoice!"

More Harmony

It is the rooster's, he, whose herald's crows
The ass will hourly mark; a cow too lows,
And forth! there is a music on the air
Of birds and beasts and man, each seems to share
In this majestic concert unannoyed
And purify their breaths so unalloyed,
The sun comes smiling on. 'Midst shrilling chants
His steeds their stables break, he never wants
Nor rein nor bit nor whip; this harmony,
So spins his wheels, the lands beneath him fly.
Now is the reign of day, a ride, a swim,
Of light a little linger, just a skim
Along the furthest heavens, a swallow's wing
From span direct to span, half-circled ring
On the diameter of earth. There glides
His stinging beam of smiles; it now abides
Upon the breasts of grass; it will not last,
So early on the dews he breaks his fast
With ne'er a pause, for, strapped unto the wings
Of winds, away he ever flies, but flings
His joys about, around, so blithesome yet,
That all his path sings forth grand cabaret.

He now has lit the mountain-tops, who, first,
Watchmen unto his safety, to him did burst
Communicatings, all is safe. They are his scouts,
Who, on the nothingness of air, his routs
Survey: perchance the night, being rogue or thief,
Had strewn disasters, in which was wrapped some
grief
Against the state of day, and, shadowing the night,

More Harmony

Had so controlled her tracks, was no respite
In vigilance, her vengeance 'gainst the light,
Her superseded son whose powers bright
Ascend the summits of immortal fame,
While she shall ever ride in dearthful shame
Her glory which in past chaotic splendor
No eye excelled and hers was first and spender,
May full achieve his fall, which she aspires.
Repaying them this service, his daily fires
Impress upon their matin cheeks the kiss
Of wake; they giggle sweetly shook with bliss;
But he, tranquil, majestic, no pause to waste,
Waves them with beacon's flash, and, off in haste,
Down o'er their valleys to his breasts opposed,
Descends, and when that surface is disclosed,
His soul is fullmost set. Liken a yacht
Slumbers with most unconscious trance, but caught
A bulged and gorgéd sheet, whose ungreased bow
Was to and fro in searching it, each blow
Enflames a vale against his waves, he flies
Above their billowed crests and further hies
As though a-seeking that which speed demands,
Whose rich awaiting self on furthest lands
Was spread, and ever as he nigher drew,
Draws swift and further on.

Now on sweet circlings of e'erlasting light
Glides forth the day, his sire's breasts, the morn,
Lie on the shrubby dews with laughing might
Caressing 'em and petting, they are re-born
To wavy flutters of their work, whereby

More Harmony

This precious agéd lays his silvery head
Upon their maiden tresses, lo! the eye,
Which now, as ever first directed led,
Full wont to duty, describes each beaming tip
Proffer sweet nectar to each arriving lip.

Where are
The bees, the birds, the insects? Thither gone.
These tiny creatures hear on voices sweet
Of breeze the requisitions of their vows
Contracted with the leaves, which, drinking in
Their seasons' march, bud on their branches' ends,
Those furthest arms that clasp her zeph'rous breasts,
Or vulgar prone or intimate, pat soft
The sweet demesné of her plump loins,
Or giddy, pinch upon the calves or cheeks
Or arms or neck, or else, inflaming life
Enflamed by every touch. Sure it is heard;
Sometimes these leafy courtiers play serenades
To her and sing aloud with songs of love,
Most laudly praises of delight the while
The sun reigns conflict o'er the dark and strews
The meadowed realms of peaceful heaven's heights
With gems of spangling silver 'gainst the moon.
Oh! 'tis a joy that lulls these little beauties
Far to the centre of a land called sleep;
Even as sinks a little chappy in
A corner out of sight, most unsuspect,
Most still, silent, unmoving, who, withal
Coils in the nearest by his sister's seat,
Whose arms around her dearest love entwine.

More Harmony

That little scamp is most ecstased, so is
The joy to over-hear the lisping lists
Of love! To note them kiss! and oo! and coo!
These darling wingers con and know this fact:
Each beauteous flo'er marks time-piece to the year,
Clock to the sun and of the breeze whose trains
Bring home his rays; and, as the lover bears
A tray of sweet perfumeries unto
His maiden soul, so do their precious roses,
Whose uncomparéd tints, bulged on their chests
In high attract relief, bear to the winds.

How true a lesson teach these airy broods
Unto the state of man! I much did think—
Oh! how with love I once did think I loved
To think 'twas love: when anemones the stings
Of cold defy, and, scorned the wintry's wildest
whiles,

To wilds harbinger Spring. 'Tis to a chilled
And dreary earth a joyful cherished child;
An Eden in a love-cold hearth,
O blessed flo'er! Then too I thought all ears,
That heard, were loved; who learnt what chimes
the bees—

Citizens, a kingdom of their own they bless,
Wherefor they work and swift the penalty
Of death atone on idle loafing drones;
Which social creatures over valleys flown
And stony crags and sandy jags up-soared—
On hare-bells to the God of heaven played.
I used to think these flowers anged blessed

More Harmony

For that their stems all blasts defy. Oh! how
Dandelions so creeping bold to us
With lessons speak: pomp, vanity, all nought;
As how eradication life itself
Sustains; and yarrow's wheaten dust too shows
Long life's to weaklings gi'en. Oh! how with life
All flo'ers do speak! and, to vapors of the air
Humanity betray. Wherefore shy maid,
The fox-glove hangs her head, as she, who would
Her beauty be not seen; conceit, scoffing lips
That seek of her sweet joys to kiss, is tunnelled,
Underminéd, drunk; and, longer laughed
Who later laughing, she victimized, is left
To drooping brood, and brooding, fade and die.
See: when the marsh-gold's heart-shaped verdant
leaves

Sport sapphron decked, and berried red, with gold
The dogwood's crimson laughs the air, primroses
Scalloped prim and flo'ers their bargains ope
To bees, it's life. Come tumbling on to steal
And gorge and gorge and gorge do bumble bees,
Which, stalwart strong, rob; while, praying some
service,

Upskips the weakly butterfly whose purse
The good she does not get repays. Mistakes!
I once did think the sins of man to God
These shrubs sufficed, which, year returned, our
earth

To bless, the love of God repay. For that
To them I thought men ardor paid. No more.
These things do breed full granaries for Mars,

More Harmony

And aid our growth unto this slayer, war.
Farewell, you, lessons all! what meant the thrush?
A geniused soul in poverty cold clad.
What says the fisher, landscaped art appraiser,
Silent, e'er patient connoisseur, who fields
And meadows strews with halyconic days?
And how the skylark, graceful bird, on high
Morn's trumpet sounds, and, thrills high soaring
pours
While pouring soars, the clouds their wake decrees?
At eve the nightingale her task assumes,
And, mixed her harmony with flight, bids daylight
"Bon Voyage." So right and human treat the
birds:
As with a child, his birth we sing; and dead,
The parting occident with peals is strewn
Of mournful music: he, who ling'ring lives,
Reflecting mourning for the dead, may yet
Of life the dearer think, and, living life
The more esteemed alive, the tongues of men
Him living praises sing as do the birds;
Which, nature's feathered voice, to winds and
rains,
And skies and suns, sweet halleluiahs chant.
They mirror human life, the birds they do;
Wee bipeds destitute of reason, that
In acts of human progress walk. They have
A world-sphere of their own, the trees; their homes
By nests and roosts therein they make, therefrom
Strayed, thereto flocked return. The land's the
man's;

More Harmony

The tree's the birds. In forests high and dense
Communities they make and cities contrive,
Wherein they toil, and feast by labor, live.
One hue, one voice, one speed, one blood, one bone,
One habitat: one nation grouped concludes;
Societied, one code of laws they own:
As live we, men. And, regions thus established,
One forest boundaried 'mongst other clans
Their continent divides. Thusly sojourning,
What time their soil repays their labors ill,
As he, who would his native land forsake
In limb and not his soul, 'cross countries flown
And over billows sailed, their pilgrim wings
Another domicile select; but, lodged awhile,
With toil their lodge repay; and, when is thought
Their native land re-strews, fast-winged return:
As he, who would his soil—of nurture robbed—
Awhile disown, to nature's cares set free,
Whose wounds by nature healed and strength re-
stored,
Again his plough he rears. Nor labor they
Random, by sunlit hours their major toils;
And dark, that earth herself is never dead
Nor sleeps be seen, their minor works: of man
Imitative. The sun's their clock; his heat
Their acts decree; when patience gifted, some
Our streams explore; and some their barks and sap
With skill selecting bore; and some on perch
Investigate why shun their paths the flies;
And others yet the sweets do test of peach
And pear and plum: if whether ripened be

More Harmony

They hang or not, and if not, pray the sun
His beams may send, which ripen them for man.
Some, bold aristocrats high-throned, no toil
Nor working think, yet, crop by tyranny
And strength they fill, and filled, their filching
selves

Do bask to tyrannize the weak; and some,
Plain democrats, to live by toiling think
And think to suffer others hereon live
In mutual toiling life. And some are thieves,
On workers parasites: as live we, men;
While, murd'ring some, and roguish some, outcasts
They fearful live although by others feared.
And some, scavenging, they their cities cleanse;
Laborers detested, and idlers regal bold.
And busiest of toilers, they loudest sing,
And singing loudest, toiled the longest, yet
The sweetest sing: that He, who them their bread
In wind in rain, on land on tides provides,
His grateful praises always sung, shall hear
Expecting of Him food, Him thanks they know
To send. And sing indeed they do. Song-loved,
Song-soothed's the soul whose pleasure's but to toil.
These instinct lessons teach one harmony,
Dependence is progress true and lasting real,
All acts of nature on herself depend,
All serve one mutuality, one end,
Each unto each supplies, none contra none.

I know not why; but, wheresoe'er I glance,
Musing o'er waters or caught each cloudlet's dance

More Harmony

Or crawled unto the cragged and rocky steep
Or tread the grassy plains where skipping sheep
Chew on their grazing files to drums of pigs
Or caravans are seen laden with figs
Unto some distant lands less temperate,
It seems to me nature most learnt, sedate,
Assumes her teaching role so that we, pupils,
Her rod directing, live to fear no scruples.
And meditating, scan from eye to eye,
Her voice one law commands: life's harmony.
That is the law this universal earth
Swung on her poles, sings with celestial mirth
Her spheroid contributions with the planets;
Whose vast unbounded wheels, rotating motions,
Unconjectured lives, unsolved, ether'al notions,
Contract the each to each, thus stabilizing,
Their state in stay is held, as mobilizing
Force most tenacious to age incomputable.
Wherefore it stands an act most immutable:
There is concert in practice with each world.
So when the swords unsheathed, their rage unfurled,
And banners streaming on the air abound
Foul fruits of murder in the blood, this ground,
This sanctity of spheres, this dome, the Earth,
Trembles what currents bound to them her hearth
And is most errant to their grand statutes.
While what was quondam her shrilled orchestral
flutes,
So woe with new and pierced bewailing moans,
Who hears them not yet think the voice of groans
Abides the air and man is most disrupt.

More Harmony

It is the music that binds the acts of earth ;
This deft arrangement gains her sublime worth,
Where like the cornet and the viol interblend,
We, hub, and knaves and spokes, one wheel and
journey wend.

See how
She does example us for harmony:
There is a loathed, hideous, opaqué dress,
'Twas first her garment and it first did bless
Her enfant days for progress as her age
Increased, wherefore by gratitude no sage
Whoe'er it cast abandonment shall preach
She lists, but decks of constancy to teach.
This dark-complexioned ugly hue of youth
Abode her realms chaotic, whence all precious truth,
Which now of beaming ray or ensigns' height
Floats o'er our domes of life bestowing light
Or signifying what of thought here stands
Most prone to penetrate all depths of lands
And lay their secrets bare unto the eye,
This monstrous garb which from the heavens high
Swims o'er its firmanent and dives beneath
Her diaphragm of ether, that, like a sheet,
Eclipse and separates these regions of the earth,
This parallel of light, this reign whose darksome
mirth

Ghosts, owls and devils, busy to the stars
Indulge fantasies, accord their own applause,
She first called night. And, for the soul was feared
Therein to stray, what does she but endeared

More Harmony

To use this everlasting kin of death?
Who therewith was sublime empowered of breath
Respirant upon the wand'rings of all life,
To spilling spread a most caressing breast
Upon each wordly toiled, which soothing chest
Embraced so lulled a charm, forthwith behest
Obeyed, whose mute imperatives for cherished rest
Command all ranks and files to strands oblivious.
On purpose that. For, 'twas perceived imperious
No eye a practised form shall witness peer—
But contemplate who may—what cogs or gear
Or crank or motored engine in actions' pulse
Fires his deft machinery's convulse,
And so commingle life, its organs, limbs,
That, bulged out or up, his living climbs
Perpetuating growth. Growth is the act
Of night, whose mental genius on this pact
With nature shrewd, to have untaught this deed,
Wax fast the peepers of each earthly seed
In bliss and stimulate his outer creepings
With harmonized growth unto his sleepings.
Which so performs this churning, churlish night,
That, having hailed petition her for light
To see whereby to work, majestic balls,
First, mother, who did nurse worlds, she falls,
Huntress of tripping feet most glorious,
Diana called, whose glittering self impervious
Against this dark, lit forth her beaming lamp
Of lightsome shone; night's reign was soremost
damp
To solve this mystery and sulked conject'ring

More Harmony

Whether nature some folsome plot effecting,
Sought she should cease her reign as did the day.

Whereon nature took heed this brooding sway;
Forthwith the moon was cancelled quick in halves.
Each must his compass wield agreeable
And harmony therefor concords amenable.
So when the zodiac shall halve each sign,
Off flies the moon; but ever leaves behind
Fast-glowing children, worlds, but named the stars,
Most dancing nymphs and singing maidens, dears,
They, who, by hidden harps encharm the moon,
Whose symphonies do sing some courting tune
As sung Apollo to his love by day;
And, such a strength electric is their ray,
This music telephones unto the trees
By wireless, which artful depths drink in the seas
And slow release; but, lightsome embassies,
The leaves, wing on from each with ecstasies,
And when these maidens pause for new refrains,
Echo choirestral and then return their strains.
They are a myriad increased by numberless,
Of silvery hair, wavy, of spangling dress,
And when that agéd sire, Hyppotades,
Pumps forth his blust'ring winds and breezes sprays
Upon the realm of Neptune from his dungeoned
caves,
Neptune, whose Roman throne upon the waves
Sea-lord to Jupiter, is reared, there swing
Their lights and glitt'rings conformed as they sing;
And, sleeps the moon on downy dreams of love,

More Harmony

Peep on the dark with light, these stars above;
By them she on directs life's growing eyes,
All linked by mysteries and chains of harmonies.
Nor is the moon for her alone; never. She steeds
Upon the seas, oceans, rivers, lakes; she breeds
Her mirroring likeness on their rippling faces,
And, guiding them by reins of vap'rous laces,
Lead them unto the lands, whose burthened foot
Slipped in his ship, a leg into a boot,
Paces to trade across her billowed main,
Where trade supplied, he steps to home again.
This concert harmony lays grass a crown
Even upon the rock, wherein is blown
A tenderness of alchemy and charms,
So sails the heated sun, his wrath resides no harms.
It is a harmony all acts of nature know;
The streams steal to the trees and there do blow
A cooling covered shade whereto the sheep
Have come to chew, and satisfied, there sleep
The while the birds have sung their throats to pause,
Which time grasshoppers tune their own applause
Spreading their dreary flutes unto the plough
Resting from toil, harmonizing him as how
Each moment is engendered bliss, one is
Alive by every turn. The sun, learnt this,
Whose hanging fire awhile seemed stationed poised,
Stirs up his weary breast and rolls disguised;
Bowelled amongst the clouds, laughs: he is seen
And caught on chancely lag, then, gilded dyed,
Down to the occident his speed is hied.
His reign must harmony the loathesome night,

More Harmony

Whose hidden labors wrought his day of light,
And when life's growth by her with strength is wed,
His is the journey whereon its work is led.
All is of earth one harmonized compact,
E'en dawn, twilight, therefor it is their act,
One summoning to labor, one summoning rest:
'Tis taught by harmony that life shall rear its
 breast.

Sweet harmony! than that what more alive
Graces the earth? It bears a charm as a hive
Disperses magnets for purposes of bees,
Whose unreleased toils suffer no lees
From their compoundings valueless, whose swarm,
Thick bunch of buzzing grapes, honies a charm
Against their stings ill retributive wrongs,
All in the measures of endearing songs.
So plans the work of life. Even so the ant,
The insect-catching sparrow from the plant,
The purposes of life to supplant death,
The dying ends which serve to build us breath.
There is sweet harmony in air with land,
The land unto the sea, and each his strand
So harmonizing thusly intrablent,
Nought is of spendthrift's loss, no waste is spent;
They all resolve one uniforming boom.

Ten moons above the depths of man have flown
Their silent gems of sleep; our reigning fears,
Ten changes of the sun have seen and gone,
Fled to the dark observat'ry of years;

More Harmony

Each, as an ebbing wave climbs on the shore
Highest, receding, churns amidst his many bubbles
Pebbles aggravate, which in his ninth, rush o'er
The further beach enwrathed with blust'ring troubles

Increased increasing ever, so pricks distress
Against our conscious souls. How do we note
So purposed unto slaughter each later deed,
And sigh the worse destruction of the next!
From rights to human rites man is remote,
What 'is his toll for Death alone his need.

Woe, weeping writhes, lamentations in the air,
So is the equinox of restings rent;
Or if the eye of time rolls in his sphere,
Thereby is paled the rounded firmament
Whereon his track is laid. Each new assault,
Does, like an arm, which, out engirdling hurled,
All lands compass, prisoners, who in default
Shall pay their tasks in grief against a world
Whose judge and laws and life their acts have
erred.

Or direct caused or made if indirectly,
Even as a lone migrate whose wing effectly
Wins every eye, and lo! all breasts are stirred,
Wails loud with wailings each foul heiniety,
Preceding disastrous unborn atrocity.

Or, stray each hearer to his dome of thought,
Recur in faded train the fledted past's
Admiréd works, which hang as slaughters wrought,

More Harmony

Fruits on the stems of time that shock our tastes.
There was a sweet endearment when their seeds
Beshew the man inventory as great,
Yet, who foresaw the harvest of their deeds,
Pluck for Death's granaries accumulated hate?
How: when each day was grown its tiny shred,
Some little ran as though 'twould higher creep,
Seemed to the heavened realm to soar its head
Of wisdom aimed to good: as though the steep
And thorny side of life waned crumbling to bliss!
Some storms' long-brewing day has squandered this.

Where was the eye, barometer of storms?
Why, was the heart so pure it nursed no harms?
Or did some sun whose spotted ray conforms
The eye to blindness, gazed at his moments' charms,
Confound the vision it should not presage?
Failed was each soul to whisper he had been
Within this labyrinth, this modern page,
He, who this tragedy of slaughters had seen.
Not as the thunder rends the lordly oaks,
Nor as some chancely tide drowns lands in seas,
Maternal accident, whose fumes and smokes
Float o'er our main and blasts us to the leas
It came, this is a climax nurtured by man,
Which now disasters strews on every hand.

Now 'fore mid-nights have sealed mine eyes in death,
Now 'fore their dews of slumber atmosphere
My brain, now 'fore, alone, some fairies' stealth
On winds unknown my deaf-blind course shall steer,

More Harmony

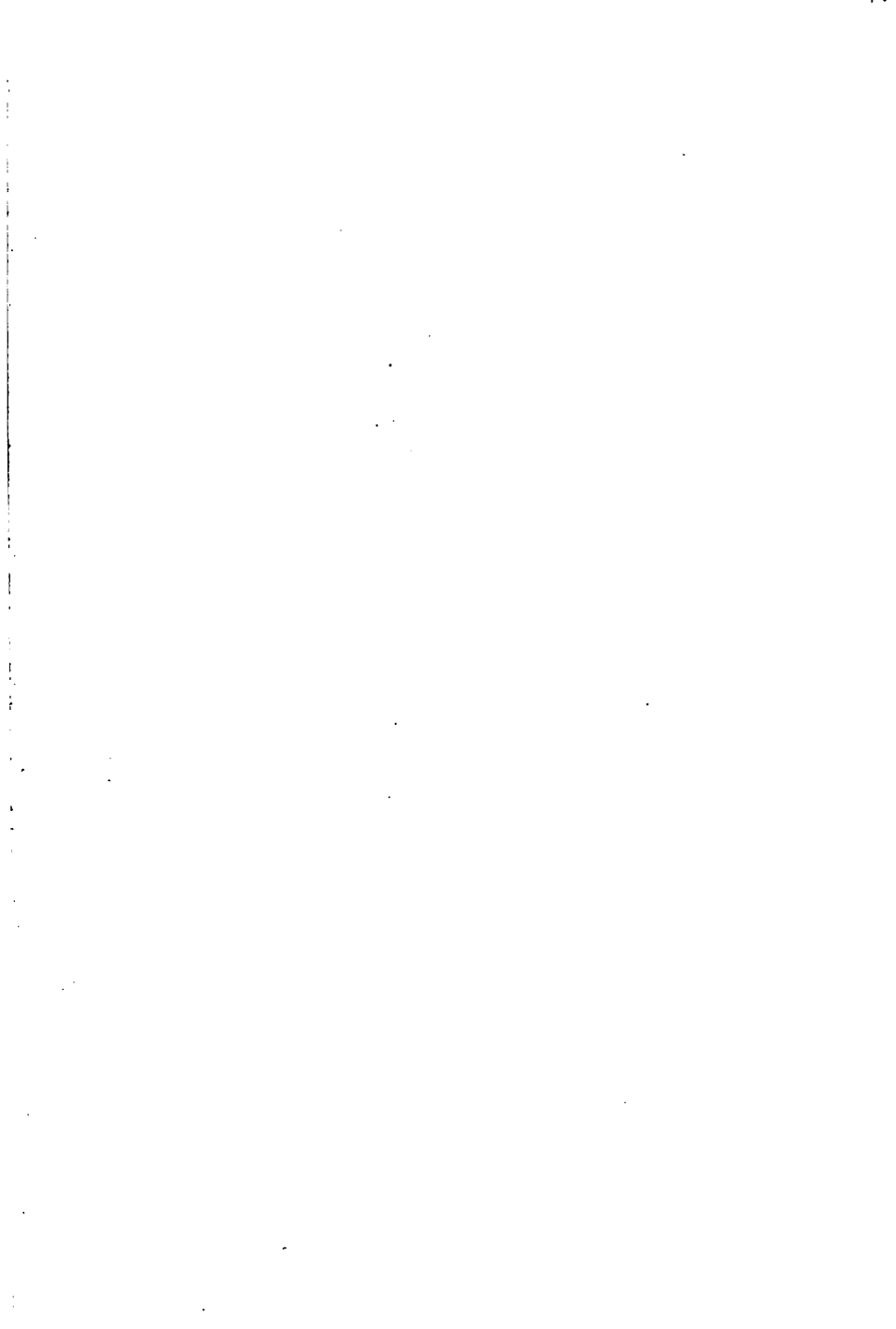
There comes a voice: Why should a life need fear
His life of man 'mongst man to live and die?
And then: Why may not man to man prepare
For good? Or else: no needs repair? Or try
Their lives one harmony, men's minds like souls that
fly?

But no!
Too many gods there are, too many creeds;
Too many laws that round us wind and wind.
Let man be loved and let his love be kind
To man with man for man, is all this cold world
needs.
Too much of man there is, too much of want;
Too much of aims that round about us curl.
Be man let man to man, this fact unfurl;
And man, thus manned, know man, contrive his
earthly haunt.

We little know, that known, we little care;
Each little cares, that cared, all little know.
Each little sees, that seen, we little share;
Each little shares, and yet, all seeds do sow.
We little sow, that sown, we little reap;
All little reap, that reaped, all little give.
Each little gives, that gi'en, we therefore weep;
All therefor weep, that wept, all thereby live.
Each plant we plant, its soil our tears give life,
Its growth by tears up-kept, its harvest reaped in
strife.

More Harmony

This is the day of many strange surprises,
All winds, which, blown aside the fair disguises
Of men and lands externe, release to sight
Foul deeds accomplished which no pen could write
Imagining; all, which the sense of shame repugns,
Rekurs, which same this reign of life condones.
Not that "Is it?" it is! no wonder more;
They shall their journeys wend until they're o'er.
Or pause! Ah! shall these pausings be some soils
Whereon like slaught'rous ends prepare their toils,
Hatched in their hatcheries intransparent set,
Whose service ends return more heinous yet,
Against who victors now in retribution?
Beware! beware! perchance its fair solution
Lies in a harmonizéd palm.



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